☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

"IF."

"If you were me, and I were you,
And all the world was twisted, too,
What do you think that you would do
If you were me and I were you?"

"If I were you and you were me,
I'd be as good as good could be;
I'd never fret, nor tease, you see,
If I were you and you were me."

"If you were me and I were you,
You *think* that you'd be good and true?
Well, it's as easy a thing to do
When I am I, and you are you."

"Since I'm not you and you're not me,
Suppose we try, each day, to be
So good that nobody can see
Which one is you, and which is me."
—*Pansy.*

TWO OF A KIND.

The Love Affairs of Father and Daughter Kennedy.

Mr. Jason Kennedy was pronounced by his friends the mildest-tempered man in Posey County, but had any of them chanced to accompany him on his homeward way the night on which this chronicle opens they would have been obliged to alter their decision. The little gentleman trembled in every limb, his cane swayed menacingly up and down, and his lips heaped muttered vituperations on the heads of imaginary companions. His own dwelling reached, he called hoarsely from the foot of the staircase:

"Katie!"

"Yes, pa."

"Come down: I want to see you."

She ran down the stairs after a moment's time and followed her parent into the parlor. Her toilet she considered amply sufficient for the occasion, it consisting of a pair of stockings, a night-dress and a shawl.

"What's the matter, pa?" (She pronounced it *paw.*)

"What's the matter?" He turned around with a burst of anger that startled her. "What's the matter?" he repeated again. "The matter is that if that thieving, low-lived Mark Dickinson enters this house again I will shoot every load in that revolver into his idle, worthless, impudent carcass," emphasizing each adjective with a resounding blow from his cane upon the time-worn horse-hair sofa. He paused for an instant, but his astonished daughter did not speak, and he opened up the second round. "You've had your pick of the finest fellows in town and to take up with a loafing vagabond who never earned his own boots nor even blacking for them. Girl, girl [he began to grow tragic], you've ruined yourself and you've ruined me; but remember [gradually lowering his tones to the deepest bass in his vocal repertory] if he once comes here he—comes—to—Death! Go to bed."

Glad to escape, she lost no time in locking herself into her room, for she was quite decided in her own mind that her father had become suddenly insane. Her mother had domineered over him all the years of their married life until the grave stood between the meek little man and his firm-minded consort; but Katie assumed the reins of government as they fell from her mother's lifeless hands, and followed so nobly in her footsteps that Mr. Kennedy's subjugation had been quite as complete with his pretty daughter for housekeeper as during his wife's lifetime. The unwavering docility that had characterized him made his exhibition of rage the more impressive. Mr. Kennedy was the victim of a deep and humiliating disappointment. Had not her thoughts for weeks past been so exclusively centered on Mark, Katie would have detected the fact that her father seemed apprehensive of displeasing her. While love had been gently besieging her heart the same tender passion had made immense havoc with the similar organ that beat in Mr. Kennedy's breast. The Widow Garrison (the widow and her large farm south of town) had captivated his affections; her gracious acceptance of his timidly offered attentions gave him every reason to consider his suit successful, though a nervous dread of incurring his daughter's displeasure long deterred him from uttering the decisive words. But his fears subsided when the widow casually remarked upon her son Sam's growing admiration of Katie, and Mr. Kennedy recollected that he had frequently met the young man in his own parlor. Should Katie marry Sam she would certainly not refuse to sanction her father's union with her mother-in-law, and encouraged by these reflections Mr. Kennedy offered his heart and hand to and was accepted by his elderly charmer. Her "yes" had hardly been pronounced when Sam entered the room, his glance falling with displeasure upon the visitor.

"Well, Sam," began happy and unsuspicious Mr. Kennedy, "how did you leave Kate to-night?" with a surreptitious wink at his own dulcinea.

"I left her a deceitful, two-faced minx as she always has been."

The explosion brought consternation to its hearers. Mr. Kennedy's jaw dropped and he stared in silent dismay, but the widow's quickened intuition saw through her son's anger.

"Has Katie jilted you?" she asked sharply.

"I asked her to marry me and she refused."

"Perhaps she'll change her mind," suggested Mr. Kennedy, hesitatingly, after a few moments of oppressive silence. "She doesn't like anybody else——"

"She does, though," interrupted Sam, sullenly, "she's engaged to Mark Dickinson."

"Mark Dickinson——"

"Well, Mr. Kennedy," the widow spoke deliberately, although her expressive black eyes hardly indicated a soul at peace with all mankind, "if your girl is too good for my boy I reckon I'd better make matters even by being too good for you, and we will be just as comfortable if our two families keep a right smart distance between them after this."

Mr. Kennedy kept his bed the following day, exhausted by his fit of passion. His daughter waited on him at first with a feeling of anxiety that gradually gave place to one of relief, as he showed no symptoms of relapsing into his condition of the previous evening. She had not expected that he would entirely approve of her engagement, as Mark was out of employment and had no property, but she had not anticipated any decided action on his part. She now began to consider herself a martyr for love's sake, and went moodily about the house, her habitual tyranny over her father increasing day by day with her resentment.

Autumn set in and a sharp wind cut Mr. Kennedy's face as he came home to dinner. He reflected that he must have the winter fuel hauled from his wood lot down the river; simultaneously he noticed Mrs. Peabody's long, trim pile of wood reaching entirely across her back yard. Mr. Kennedy had felt very lonely since the widow Garrison snatched the treasure of her love from his keeping; Katie's silence at home was not calculated to cheer him, and the old gentleman's heart gave a perceptible bound as he recollected what a cheerful, engaging woman was Mrs. Peabody. Fate favored his thought, for at that moment Mrs. Peabody's plump, agreeable person filled her doorway, and she said in quite a musical voice:

"O Mr. Kennedy, do you know of a man who will saw my wood? I have neglected it until I have hardly enough to get dinner with."

"Certainly, certainly, ma'am." Mr. Kennedy bubbled with his joke. "Here is a man right before you anxious for a job. Are the saw and saw-horse handy?"

"Now, Mr. Kennedy, you know I didn't mean for you to do it." Even her smooth black hair and white apron seemed to join in the smile that radiated from the corners of her mouth. But Mr. Kennedy became suddenly imbued with youthful gallantry, and in spite of her protests he insisted upon making his way to the woodpile where, rheumatism entirely forgotten, he manipulated the saw and axe so energetically that he soon deposited a generous armful of neatly-prepared wood in the kitchen, remarking facetiously: "I'll send up a man this afternoon, unless you want to engage me to do the whole of it." He was obliged to hasten away to his own dinner, but he felt more light-hearted than he had before in weeks, and visions of Mrs. Peabody, her comfortable house, long woodpile, and money in the bank filled his mental vision all the afternoon. It was a little strange that she had never before occurred to him as a matrimonial prize, but Mrs. Peabody had been considerably married already, and the presence of two grave-stones in the cemetery and a decree of divorce locked in her bureau-drawer were enough to give any one the impression that her experience of married life must have been sufficiently varied to satisfy almost any woman. When she obtained her divorce from the last incumbent, Mr. Drewgood, she had again reverted to the name of her first husband, Silas Peabody, for she no longer wished to be known as Mrs. Drewgood, and Peabody was so much more distinguished a name than Higley, the cognomen of number two. She seemed very much surprised indeed when, upon answering a hesitating little ring from the door-bell, she discovered Mr. Kennedy upon the porch; but perfect candor makes it necessary to state that Mrs. Peabody's comfortable form was attired in her second-best black silk and a marvel of a worked-lace apron; her hair that evening had proved so obstreperous that three combings had been necessary to reduce it to its usual condition of sleekness, and she had straightened her furniture and gathered stray bits of thread from the carpet quite in the manner of one expecting a visitor.

"I hope the man got around to take care of your wood. I just thought I would step over and see that it was all right," explained Mr. Kennedy, with an air of responsibility. "These fellows sometimes try to take advantage of a woman when they don't find a man around to look after her."

"Yes, it's hard for a woman to go through life alone." She sighed and gazed mournfully at a figure in the carpet. On most occasions she would have said that it was a sharp man that could get ahead of Miranda Peabody, but that remark hardly seemed appropriate at this time, and she continued to sigh and look at the carpet until her guest, sorry that he had said anything to make her feel melancholy, remarked with animation: "That's a fine portrait of Peabody that you have up there."

Mr. Peabody's relict glanced at the portrait with an expression of great satisfaction. It was one of a group. Below it at the left was a picture of Mr. Higley, and at the right of the latter was one of Mr. Drewgood. Supported by a bracket below them was a pot of English ivy, the vine wandering in and out among the frames and cords.

"Yes, it's a good likeness of Mr. Peabody, and so it is of Mr. Higley; but I never thought Mr. Drewgood's picture did him justice. Mr. Drewgood is a handsome man; they were all good-looking men. Indeed," she said, with pardonable pride, "taken all in all, I don't think you would find three better-looking men in Indiana."

"You wouldn't," you certainly wouldn't," agreed Mr. Kennedy, emphatically.

"But Mr. Drewgood," continued his hostess, "was the handsomest of them all. I must say that Mr. Drewgood is a very fine man and a man of fine manners."

Mr. Kennedy was conscious of a slight but very perceptible twinge of jealousy. He had not come there to hear Mr. Drewgood's praises. "Let me see," he said, "it's about four years since you and he had your—your——," he tried to think of a delicate and suitable phrase, but the words would not come, "your blowout?"

"Just four years ago to-day since we decided to separate," she answered, smilingly, but added, in a pensive voice: "As I said, he was a very fine man, but he and I were not congenial. The very day that we were married I discovered that he took his roast beef extremely rare, while I eat it well done."

"So do I," cried her listener, delightedly. "No one but a barbarian can eat rare beef.

"And he had such a passion for raw onions," she said, plaintively, meeting the eyes of her guest, "it was awful. He ate them every day, and you will certainly admit that it was very inconsiderate in him, when I tell you that I, under no circumstance, ever touch an onion."

"Inconsiderate? It was brutal."

"But the worst of it was," she went on, "that he wanted me to invest my money in building houses—tenements—in Indianapolis, and I made up my mind that he was a dangerous schemer; and although it was hard for a woman who had buried two husbands to set herself square against a third, I did it, and I have never been sorry."

"Sorry? It was the noblest act of your life, ma'am. He didn't appreciate you. It fires me all up to think of your living with such a—such a—smelling—scheming reprobate as he was. Why, if it had been me, Mrs. Peabody, I wouldn't have eaten anything if you'd said so." Emboldened by his indignation Mr. Kennedy placed his chair close by Mrs. Peabody's side and sat down upon it.

"I hardly think I would treat you as badly as that," she said, coquettishly. Mr. Kennedy's heart began to beat very fast, and a dull red burned in his cheeks, but his courage had deserted him as unexpectedly as it came, and he quite regretted changing his seat, as he could not think of a word more to say. The late partner of Drewgood was equal to the emergency, however, and again reverting to the spot in the carpet and the pensive gaze, she said, so softly and sympathetically: "I have often thought how lonely you must be with only that child Katie to be society for you." Mr. Kennedy sighed so enthusiastically that the newspapers on the table at Mrs. Peabody's elbow rustled. She happened, quite accidentally, to lay her well-shaped hand on the chair-arm next to him, and, after an instant's hesitation, he covered it with his own palm. She did not repulse his action and waited a moment for him to speak; but language was further out of Mr. Kennedy's reach than ever.

"I know the grief of losing a loved companion." No one could accuse her of exaggeration in that statement. "I know the grief of loneliness"—a growing tremor in her voice; "I know the grief of being alone in the world." A sob completed the testimony, and her disengaged hand covered her face with a handkerchief.

"Don't," said Mr. Kennedy, with husky sympathy. "I know you've had a hard time—a good many of 'em; but—you should never say fail; you—may be happy yet. Faint heart never won fair lady." He realized that in his efforts to be poetically comforting he was wandering somewhat from the point. Mrs. Peabody realized it also.

"How can I be happy?" she inquired from behind the handkerchief. "No one cares for me." The reflection was so overwhelming that her whole frame shook with sobs. Mr. Kennedy's love and sympathy mastered his hesitation. He put his arm about her waist and drew her head upon his shoulder.

"Now, see here; can't we fix this up, Mrs. Drewgood — no, Mrs. Higley—no, I mean Mrs. Peabody."

"Call me Miranda," murmured the handkerchief.

"Well now, Miranda, you're alone over here and I'm alone over there; and I say we'd better hitch up and make a team."

"Could you be happy with me, Jason?" She had removed the handkerchief and her lips were very near his face.

"Could I? Well I reckon I'm willing to try," emphasizing his answer with a resounding kiss. How superior she was to the Widow Garrison, and what a merciful Providence had kept him from marrying that hateful woman. This idea brought Katie to his mind and he did not feel quite so happy.

"Well, Miranda," he said, "I thank my stars for bringing me over here to-night, but it's pretty late and I'll have to go, but I'll be over to-morrow."

He started home with a variety of emotions—dubious when he thought of Katie but jubilant when his mind turned on Mrs. Peabody. "Jehosiphat!" he exclaimed aloud, "She's a—she's a" —feeling about in his rather limited vocabulary for a sufficiently glowing expression—"she's a glorious female!" If Katie would only not make any fuss she might marry Mark as soon as she liked, and Mr. Kennedy would gladly give him a situation in his store; he knew that in his wild rage he had been unjust to them both; there was nothing bad about the young fellow—he was merely poor and out of employment. There were very few business openings for young men in the little Hoosier village, and the fascination of Katie's face had kept him from trying his fortunes elsewhere. But his name had never been mentioned between Mr. Kennedy and his daughter since that memorable evening, and the old gentleman's habitual indecision and evasiveness made him shrink from recurring to the subject.

"Do you suppose Katie will object?" asked Mrs. Peabody the next evening, after Mr. Kennedy had succeeded in overcoming some other faint objections on her part to a speedy marriage.

"Well—Mr. Kennedy looked troubled "I am afraid—that is, I am rather inclined to think that she will. What do you think we had better do?"

"She need not be told until it is all over," suggested the prospective bride.

Mr. Kennedy looked rather alarmed at the idea of such an act of insubordination. "I don't quite see how we could help it," he said, anxiously.

"You old innocent!" Miranda smiled and pinched his arm. "You're too honest for anything. Suppose I should go up to Newburg for a little visit; suppose you followed the next day to buy goods, and when we return home Miranda Peabody would have become ——" here she stopped with quite a maidenly assumption of modesty, but Mr. Kennedy delightedly finished the sentence, "Miranda Peabody will come back Miranda Kennedy. What a head she's got!" looking for sympathy to the portraits of his three predecessors in Miranda's affections. "We couldn't do better," he said, patting her plump shoulder. "What do you say to going up Monday? I'll come Tuesday, and Wednesday we'll be back here and surprise everybody, eh?" Mr. Kennedy could not contain his satisfaction. He wished he could shake hands with himself; he wished he could shake hands with the portraits—even Drewgood. He could forgive him everything now. What would not he give to see the face of the Widow Garrison when she should hear the news of his marriage to Mrs. Peabody, the wealthiest single woman in town!

A little gentleman with a plump lady on his arm inquired at a residence in Newburg the following Tuesday for Rev. Mr. Doobury.

"Yes, he is in. Do you wish to see him?"

"Well, yes," he answered, twitching his cane nervously, "we thought—we made up our minds—that is, we've concluded——'

"We wish to be married," interrupted his companion sweetly.

"Come right in, then," said the lady who had opened the door. "A couple is in the parlor now waiting until I get some witnesses to their marriage, as I was just going out to do, but you will answer just as well."

They were met at the door of the parlor by the clergyman, to whom Mr Kennedy made his most deferential bow, and was about to state his business when his glance fell on the couple at the opposite side of the room. "Jehosiphat!" he ejaculated, and stood as if paralyzed.

"It will do you no good to follow us, Mr. Kennedy," said Mark Dickinson hotly. "You cannot prevent our marriage if you try."

"Prevent it?" cried Mr. Kennedy, darting like a shot across the long room and shaking both of Mark's hands over and over again. "Prevent it?" he shouted in ecstacy; "God bless you, Mark, you're the finest fellow I ever saw in my life. Jehosiphat! I'm proud to have you for a son-in-law. Good gracious! I didn't think I could be so pleased over anything."

"He's crazy again," said Katie, looking around at the other amazed faces in the room.

"No, I'm so relieved. I've wished you and Mark were married for a month past, but I didn't see any way to fix it up—naturally, as I would feel—you know," he explained incoherently, "and Mark can begin work in my store to-morrow if he likes."

"Thank you," said Mark, with slight sarcasm in his tone. "I am sorry to decline, but I already have a situation in Bateman's drug-store."

"Well, never mind, you can have my house to live in, for I'm going—why, good gracious, Miranda, I'm so upset I almost forgot what we'd come for."

"Are you going to marry Mrs. Peabody?" asked his daughter, who for two or three minutes had been eyeing that lady suspiciously.

Before he could reply Mrs. Peabody clasped Katie with both arms about the neck, and, kissing her tenderly, whispered: "I am going to try to comfort his lonely heart for your sweet mother's sake, Katie dear."

Mr. Kennedy, who had been shaking hands with Mark over again, now grasped the hand of the amused clergyman and said, jubilantly: "Now, Mr Berrydoodle, you see how it stands; they were afraid of me, and I was afraid of Katie, so we all ran away from each other and —"

"Now you can have a double wedding and all be happy," suggested Mr. Doobury, good-humoredly.

"Precisely just what I was about to remark; they're happy, Miranda's happy, and I'm the best fixed man in Posey County."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A HINT TO BUILDERS.

Over-Ornamentation in Brickwork Condemned by a Connoisseur.

"The desire for the ornate has given rise of late to the most elaborate and fantastic attempts in bricks and in the methods of putting them together," said a real estate agent yesterday. "In many cases of newly built houses this matter has frequently been the occasion for the display of bad taste in the erection of a cheap, flashy and wonderfully designed wall. While this, when new, is not unsightly to the average eye, the wear and tear of the elements on the various projections, niches, balconies and the like render the exterior appearance of such a house much more unsightly in a given time than that of a building of a more substantial and less startling appearance.

"The various projections and recesses form a convenient place for dust and dirt constantly blown about, and to add to this damage the ornamental brickwork of the cornices offers a snug abode for that numerous little pest, the English sparrow. When the white deposit, so common to brick buildings, makes its appearance the dinginess and general air of past glory and damaged splendor is increased. If builders would only recognize the fact that the effort spent in this direction would be better appreciated if directed toward the interior finish of a house the result would be advantageous in many ways.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Base-Ball of To-Day.

Now the game is as wholly a professional matter—except where it is played by boys on the common—as a performance on the the trapeze or the spring-board in a circus. It may be worth the price of admission to those who care for it, but it has no title to fill up as much space in local news as a session of the city council or an anniversary of a charitable association. It is no matter of local interest, except as any display of professional dexterity may be. Hardly a man in any club claiming the name of a city belongs to the city by birth or residence. One year he belongs to Detroit, another to Indianapolis, another to Buffalo or Cleveland. The whole body of "professionals," and that includes every player of any considerable skill, is exactly like the "condotiere" of the "middle ages," who hired themselves as soldiers to one State or another as they were best paid, and changed sides on any adequate inducement, and fought as well for the second party as they had previously fought against it. A city can feel no local pride or interest in a club thus appropriated to it, and there is no sense in making a stir about the formation of a local club, or filling columns with its joirous feats.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—The fashionable sandwich is made of thin bread and chopped chicken covered all over with thick paste.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Beech wood should always be seasoned under cover. If left out exposed to all sorts of weather it soon becomes almost worthless as fuel.—*Exchange.*

—An English gardener states that fruit does not color so well in a sunny season as in one when there is but little sunshine. There was more sunshine in England last year than during any season for half a century, but still the apples, pears and peaches were very poorly colored.

—To make apple snowball. Boil one-half pound of rice in milk till nearly cooked; then strain; peel and core some large apples without dividing them. Put a clove and some sugar into the centre of each apple, and the rice round them. Tie each up in a cloth separately; boil for three-quarters of an hour; remove the cloth and place on a warm dish.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A nurseryman asserts that apple trees which have straight and upright tops have roots of a similar character, and that those which have low and spreading tops have bushy roots. Even the color and peculiar markings of the bark of some varieties extend to the roots. The nurseryman is therefore able to distinguish several varieties by their roots alone.—*Chicago Times.*

—Cracks in floors around the mold-board or other parts of a room may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled or mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a knife. It will harden like papier mache.—*Boston Globe.*

—Everybody should learn how to propagate fruits. When you buy a rare plant for your garden you may increase it to a hundred in a short time by giving it a little attention, and if you do not desire the increase yourself you can do your friends a favor by placing such gems in their garden. The professional fruit-grower especially needs all possible information on this subject.—*Troy Times.*

—Many farmers make a mistake in fitting their land before they know where seed for sowing or planting it can be had. They place themselves at great disadvantage by this mismanagement, for nearly always at seeding time there is a scarcity, which advances prices. Seedsmen do not change their catalogue rates, but if orders are delayed till spring they may find all stock sold out so that wants of customers can not be supplied.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Geese should be supplied with food adapted to their natural wants as far as it is possible to furnish it. These birds are more herbivorous than any of our domestic fowls. As a matter of course, a diet coming nearest their summer grass forage suits them best. Fine hay, soaked in warm water and sprinkled with meal or bran, is acceptable. Boiled potatoes, mixed with meal, serve well. Beets, turnips, potatoes or apples, chopped fine, are good. Cabbage is a favorite food and ought to be generously supplied. Corn is relished by them, but too much makes them over fat.—*N. E. Farmer.*

DISHORNING CATTLE.

A Simple Operation of Considerable Practical Utility.

Dishorning cattle is attended with great suffering, if performed after the horn has attained a size that makes it impossible to cut it off close to the head, without disturbing the cellular, bony core, or base supporting the horn. Such an operation is also attended by some danger of the death of the animal. The writer has seen in the Chicago Union Stock-Yards, in one pen, two or three car-loads of bulls, all of which were suffering severely, and some dying in agony indescribable, because their horns had been sawn off within about four inches of their skulls. Flies had deposited their eggs in the exposed, marrow-like substance contained in the cells, of the bony cores, and the grubs or larvæ had worked their way towards the brain, their every motion causing inconceivable degrees of torture to the helpless beasts. It is to be regretted that the day of the *auto da fe* has passed, and that therefore, mild justice can not be legally meted to the savage who would inflict such dreadful anguish upon even the most vicious of brutes, for a little gain.

As it is impossible that any reader of the *Prairie Farmer* can wish to do so cruel a deed as to cut the horns off a mature animal, there is no need of describing the method of doing it. But there is a way by which the horns may be prevented from growing, and the operation is attended with little pain, and that little is momentary. When a calf of a horned breed is a few days old, little lumps will be found on the head, indicating the spots where the horns will grow, if not prevented by the prompt removal of the little buttons of incipient horn, lying loose beneath the skin. To remove them, two small slits, crossing at right angles, are made with a sharp knife. The buttons can then be easily lifted out, the slight wound closed with a bit of sticking plaster, and the work is done. Some prefer to sear the spot where the horns are to be, using a very hot iron, that the operation may be more quickly and effectually done. One or two shakes of the head express the calf's disapproval of the fashions of the world which are yet quite new to the youngster, and that seems to be the last of suffering on account of the horns of that animal. As there is no way in use for determining the exact extent of the suffering of any animal from an injury, one must decide for himself whether or not the pain attending this operation on young calves is equal to the suffering their horns would inflict upon other animals, if those dangerous and useless weapons were permitted to grow. As to the economy of the operation, there will be no doubt in the minds of those who have lost valuable animals, or much feed, patience or profit, through the existence of horns on mischievous or vicious brutes.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rufus J. Childress, a poet and magazine writer, and a well-known resident of Louisville, Ky., has become insane.

—The London newspapers have a curious etiquette forbidding one to either quote or comment upon anything that appears in the columns of another.

—Ida Lewis, "the Grace Darling of Lime Rock," near Newport, R. I., has sent a contribution to the treasurer of the Grace Darling monument fund in England.

—Rufus Choate, when somebody threatened to challenge his vote on the ground that he could not write, answered: "If you do I will give you a specimen of my handwriting, and challenge you on the ground that you can not read."—*N. Y. Commercial-Advertiser.*

—Mr. Sarony, the New York photographer, although over sixty years of age, rich and very fond of sketching in charcoal and chalks for the Tile and Salmagundi Clubs, of which he is a member, still attends personally to posing the sitters in his great establishment.—*N. Y. Post.*

—"Bill" Nye invites the Prince of Wales' son, who has just come of age, to be his guest when he visits this country. "I tender you," he writes, "the freedom of my double-barreled shotgun during the prairie-chicken holocaust. I know where the angleworm grows rankest and the wild hen hatches her young."

—The new book, "The Money-makers," which is said to be a reply to "The Bread-winners," has just been published, and it has been generally understood that Congressman Martin A. Foran, of Cleveland, is the author; but that gentleman denies the report, and there promises to be the same mystery about the book as there was about "The Bread-winners."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The late David Kimball, of Portsmouth, N. H., had on several occasions during his lifetime the rare experience of seeing under the roof-tree of the old house at Topsfield, Mass., seven generations of his own blood, namely, his own great-grandfather, grandfather, father, mother, his own generation, his own and his brother's children and grandchildren, and his brother's great grandchildren.—*Boston Journal.*

—Policeman Richard L. Eldredge, of New York, has been retired from the force and will hereafter receive a pension of fifty dollars per month. Eldredge has been in continuous service for fifty-two years, and is now eighty-seven years old. He was one of the four men who stood guard at Castle Garden when General Lafayette was received by the citizens of New York, and was the officer called by the mob after the murder of Helen Jewett many years ago. It was he who found the hatchet with which the murder was committed and the cloak of the murderer.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HUMOROUS.

—The principal seasons illustrated at the roller-skating rink are "fall" and "spring." Some of the remarks they provoke are summery. — *Norristown Herald.*

—"Joseph Marmaduke Mullally, how dare you, sir!" exclaimed the indignant mother of a St. Louis boy. "Take your sister's ear muff off your feet instanter and find your rubbers. Don't be so lazy, sir!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—"Look here, this piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said a man to a German butcher. "Mine frien', all dot peef vat I sells is pack of dot neck. Dere vos nodding but horns in front of dot neck."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"Do you manufacture trucks as well as roller skates?' "Oh, no." "But I was down at your factory this morning and saw several put together." "Oh, those were not trucks." "No!" "No, they are the kind of skates we are shipping to Chicago."—*Boston Post.*

—So you didn't succeed very well with your school in Illinois?" "No; I had to give it up at the end of the first month." "Did you use the blackboard much?" "No; it was too large. But I used all the other furniture about the room that wasn't nailed down."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Aunt Jane, is it quite true that a lady may ask a gentleman to marry her if it is leap year?" "Yes, my dear, it is quite true." "But if he don't want to marry her, Aunt Jane, what must he do then?" "He must give her a new black silk dress, my dear, and then she understands." "Oh! Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! Now I know why you have so many black silk dresses." — *Chicago Tribune.*

—"Mary, what does this mean? I find a bill for the use of hose." "Sure, marm, a man called to know if you used hose. I told him you did and he left that bill." "Why did you tell him we used hose, Mary? We never do." Mary's face showed surprise, distrust and reproach: "Why, we do, marm!" with vehemence. "Hose? Mary, we haven't any." "Why, m-a-rm! What does Pat take up the weeds with?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Just listen to this, Martha!" exclaimed Mr. Jarphly, who was reading his evening paper; "one of the dogs at the London prize show is valued at $50,000. Good gracious! That's more money than I ever expect to be worth in my life!" "Some dogs are worth more than others, Jeremiah," quietly remarked Mrs. Jarphly. And Mr. Jarphly eyed her for a moment and said she need not sit up for him that evening.—*N. Y Herald.*

—Barnacle was forty-two years of age yesterday. His wife presented him with a handsome pair of carpet slippers—cost fifty cents. Barnacle was grateful, but thoughtful. At last he exclaimed: "Times have changed!" "Why, dear?" asked Mrs. B. "Well, before we were married, you gave me slippers worked in floss and silk, embroidered, monogrammed, scalloped in morocco and patent-leather with wool soles, at a cost of several dollars — ah, times change!" "Well, John, replied Mrs. B., after a thoughtful pause, "I had the slippers charged to you. I thought you wouldn't want to pay for a costly pair." —*Providence Press.*